

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

**THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.**—The one class who interested me particularly in India were the jugglers. I have always had a fancy for prying into the secrets of prestidigitation, and I lost no opportunity of seeing these sleight-of-hand gentry at their tricks, and found occasion to witness many of their performances in different parts of India. My investigations lead me to state positively that the most remarkable stories told about them are fictions, based upon the flimsiest foundation of fact. The great majority of people like to be deceived in such matters, and will shut their eyes to palpable evidences of fraud, while travelers who eagerly seize upon every chance to pad their narratives with sensation points naturally throw a veil of mystery around the tricks of the Indian jugglers. Let us take, for instance, the two performances that have been most frequently and most marvelously written up—that is to say, the mysterious basket and the mango-growing tricks. I have seen both of them over and over again, and have found the same easily detected frauds to exist in every case. The baskets are bell-shaped and have a false bottom, between which and the exterior wall of the basket there is ample room for a very small child to stow itself away. The spectators are not allowed to touch, or even to come very near to, the basket, and in a casual glance at the interior one is not apt to detect the false bottom. The basket is placed over the child, who squats upon the hard ground, and after sufficient time has elapsed for the youngster to crawl into its place of concealment, the juggler horrifies his audience by passing his sword through the basket, and then upon upsetting it, shows that the child has disappeared. Meanwhile a duplicate child, that closely resembles the first one, enters upon the scene from the background, and the wonderful trick is completed. The famous mango-growing trick is even sillier than this. You have, of course, read how a man of mysterious arts plants a mango seed in a flower pot, and then makes a dwarfed fruit-bearing tree spring up from that seed. The facts of the case are simply these: The seed is planted, and the pot is then placed under a sort of tent, whose voluminous folds must not be touched by any but the juggler. The latter then waters the earth in the pot, and does a lot of manipulating while his hands are concealed in the tent. Meanwhile a fellow-juggler is performing a series of other tricks to amuse and distract the attention of spectators. When juggler number one has had time to change the pot for another that is hidden in the folds of the tent, he opens one side of the canvas a little, and the second pot can be seen with a half-grown mango tree in it. After another interlude of the same sort, the tent door is again opened, and a third pot is disclosed, which contains a little tree bearing a mango. The whole thing is such a weak attempt at deception that a person, after studying it once or twice, can only wonder if any one has really been deceived by it. I always enjoyed the palming performances of the cleverer jugglers, for their skill and rapidity of action were something extraordinary; but their materializing tricks were such palpable absurdities that there was actually no fun in detecting them.

**A JAPANESE CITY.**—Kumamoto is an inland city and very attractive. It is situated on a plain, with two fine rivers running through it, over which there are many curious old stone bridges. The houses have terraced gardens to the water's edge, and the streets are planted in shade trees. In the summer evenings the rivers are alive with pleasure boats. Of an afternoon you may see half the population of both sexes bathing together, in high glee, innocent of any garments and unconscious of

any shame. Just outside of the city is a public garden of considerable extent, laid out in the inimitable style of the Japanese, in lake and grove and mountain and waterfall. In the centre of the city, built on a high conical hill, is a famous castle that commands the approaches in all directions. A broad, swift river sweeps its base on two sides, and wide, deep, walled ditches defend the other sides. The castle walls, of massive stone work, rise on terraces, rampart after rampart, from the base to the summit. It was built in 1592 by Kato Kiyomasa, a celebrated warrior of the time, and has withstood more than one obstinate siege. It is stated on authority that Kato Kiyomasa, when this castle was completed in 1592, put to death all the workmen engaged in its construction, several thousand men, that none might know the secrets of its interior arrangements. The castle is now garrisoned by imperial troops. The Japanese army, numbering 35,000 rank and file, has been under instruction of French officers in all its different arms for several years. The headquarters are at Tokio, and several thousand troops are always retained there. The others are stationed throughout the country, and for the most part garrison the old castles. The uniform and arms are after the French pattern. The garrison maintained at Kumamoto is a source of considerable revenue to the various industries of the city, and the daily parades and drills of the different arms of the service, and the officers and soldiers off duty mingling with the population, add more or less to its bright and busy appearance. A cotton manufactory has recently been established here which gives employment to four or five hundred female operatives. They receive a compensation of ten sous a day, the establishment providing them with their midday meal of rice, fish and vegetables, and are entirely content with this remuneration. The manufactory is termed a school, the operatives being required to teach the art to others throughout the province at the expiration of their service. They use the old-fashioned simple loom and shuttle, and handle them with dexterity.

**SUNNY ROOMS.**—Those who build houses do so for the income they may yield. They are not especially interested in the welfare of those who may inhabit them. As a matter of observation we must insist that shaded houses are unhealthy; that every dwelling in which the young and growing live should have sunlight pouring into some of its rooms during every hour of the day. The importance of admitting the sunny rays in dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. These rays promote health and strength. We are apt to feel that good health depends on pure air more than on the influence of the sun. They both have so great an influence on life and growth that they should be allowed to fill every room occupied by animals or plants. Light may be so direct and brilliant as to be injurious to the eyes, then let its penetrating rays be softened, but let them enter in such a way as to do good and not harm. Much has been said in recent times about the value of a sun bath. No doubt it does produce and retain a healthy condition of the body. It costs nothing but the means of exposing the nude body to the sunny rays in such a way as to exclude prying eyes. We have known a few aged persons who built a small room upon the top of their dwelling in such a way as to admit freely the sunny rays, but exclude all eyes but His who lives in the space far above. These men lived to see their ninetieth year and more. They did not hesitate to proclaim the great influence of sunlight upon health and life. Others will find, if they search, that sunlight is worth more than gold, and pure water, fresh air, proper food, well digested, and sunny house, always dry, will secure health and strength. Any one who has